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Original Poetry.

A SCENE AMONG THE HILLS.

TO ——.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Fair Nannie's every grace I deeply prize,
Her flower clad places and forest roamed hills,
But more I love her sweet ascension grave,
And the sweet music of her dulcet tones,
And deem it joy an hour hill cliff to lie
Gracing in rapture her, an immortal, woman and sky.

'Tis thus—in memory now—alone I stand,
Where spread before me is a lovely scene
Of sunny plains, and distant hills, and dales,
Of yellow grain fields and of meadows green.
Beneath—smiling under a gliding sun the day,
Beyond—the wavy hills stretch away a league away.

The sky is cloudless—unfounded the hour,
And save the murmurings of a gentle breeze,
Whose fitful gusts can scarcely summon power
To rouse the tenors of the sleeping leaves,
No sound is heard to mar the soft repose
Which Nature's perfect rest o'er the charmed spot does close.

The summer air is kindly influence lends
To add new luxuries to the distant view—
To the light and shade—to the verdure tints,
And o'er the mountains cast their robe of blue;
While in the valleys—below a gliding river,
Specters as if with joy to greet the noontide beam.

There is the farm-house with its cheery air,
Its latticed porch and blinds of living green—
Its wreathing smoke that tells of wholesome fare;
The garden, and the orchard, and well between,
Beside the gate, a lazy house-dog lies
And sleeps, or seems to sleep, with ever wakeful eyes.

Down in the prolific stream the cattle stand,
And ruminate with dull and heavy look,
Or wearily gaze upon the sultry land,
To find the shelter of some shady nook;
And on the neighboring field the ploughman's toil
Grudes the slow progress of the yielding soil.

Yet down the valley's course where opening wide,
The hills reveal a broad and pleasant plain—
A winding river rushes to the distant main
That lustrous sunward in the distant main
And still unruffled, the long grey sometime rise,
Stretching like dusky clouds along the drooping skies.

I do not like to revel thus alone,
In the rich joys of Nature's ample store—
None other heart is needed with our own,
To catch its feelings as they bubble o'er
And o'er the burthen of delight may bear
With overpowering weight, when none are by to share.

Wife Thee, my dearly cherished girl of Ugly
The cup of joy from Nature's fairy spring;
Yours shall the freshest, sweetest incense be,
And rapture fan it with her golden wing.
God's love shall wake our song—whose hallowed strain
The vocal earth repeats from mountain, hill and plain.

T. A.

Original Tales.

THE BLACK CROSS.
A West Indian Story

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,

BY T. MAYNE REID.

(THE FOOTBALL SCHOLAR.)

It is now several years since I resided in the golden capital of Cuba, and the many pleasant adventures which I encountered in my short sojourn there, naturally group forth upon the mottled field of memory, mellowed and softened by the hand of time.

It is a strange country, Cuba. Three hundred years or so since civilization first planted its banner upon her shores, yet in these three centuries, beneath her blue sky, and her blue skies, amid her broad leaves and bright breezes, hast sprung up a race of maidens—dark and fiery maidens—whose old and refined beauty claims the homage of hearts.

In this lovely island, "the brightest jewel in Spain's crown," many a scene has been enacted, so redolent of romance, as to well repay the labors of the novelist, or the study of the painter, and yet they lie unrecorded and unsung. A classic land, unknown! A land of hot hearts and dreadful deeds—tuneful of treason, and yet no pen like Tasso's ("had ever revel led among its men and things divine." No—even the dull annalist has shunned this fertile conception, and has not even traversed the high roads of its history.

Christmas week is approaching, with its feats and feasts, its balls and processions, and then close upon its heels will come New Year's day, with its repetition of the same scenes, and with gifts and greetings, and yet I have not made up my mind where to pass these delightful holidays—delightful and charming in all Christian countries, but perfectly enchanting in Cuba. Where shall I go? I have a merry acquaintance in Matanzas—but that is far too long. Let me see—twelve miles to Don Alva's plantation, and he has invited me several times to go out—what if I pleased? only days there!—the Count is certainly not the most amusing friend I have in Cuba, but he is one of the best of men, and besides, one of the least informed; and what, with his sterling and sensible conversation, and his wine and fresh fruits, and his delicious cup of coffee, to be enjoyed upon a rich "Catela!" (coffee plantation,) I think Christmas may be killed very burdensomely. Besides, the beauty and wealth of this golden city will all be gone into the country, and what pleasure shall I have here? Leaving over my mother, and the same scenes, and the processions of the Plaza Grande. It shall not be so—I will visit my friend as I have often promised. Who knocks there? Come in.

A strapping mulatto—a fine looking fellow —dressed in the livery of the Conde de Alva, entered my room, and bowing, handed me a letter. Strange coincidence, indeed—a pressing invitation from the Count to pay the very visit I had determined upon.

"No excuse will serve you," says the letter, "you must come and spend three months at least in the country—so bring such resolutions along with you. I have sent a quixine and a couple of servants, so that you may roll out such cigas as you consider necessary for a three months' stay—should you prefer riding out in the quitrine, Yes, the bearer, will bring your horse safely (I know you could not live without him,) but I would advise you to take no horseback,—the roads are deeply drenched with the late rains. Start early and take the cool hours. I will expect you by ten.

Yours, truly,
DE ALVA."

"Tin!"

"Señor!"

"Help me to pack this trunk."

"Si Señor."

"Now, carry it to the quitrine, and carry my scarce of clothes—that I shall keep on the plantation by ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

* * * * *

I pass over the welcome reception from my friend—the Christmas amusements—the country balls at San Marcos, Reyzal and San Antonio—the agreeable and brilliant reunions upon the neighboring plantations, and come to a period almost two months after my arrival at the *cafetal* of De Alva. This brings us to the latter part of February, the period of gathering the coffee crop. The balls have disappeared—the reunions and evening parties have vanished—the cricketers have pulled back to the city, carrying loads of beautiful "Habaneras," and the country becomes as dull and queasy as Mark Tapley himself could have wished it. Nothing is now heard but the noise of the winnower in the morning—the barking of dogs and the screaming of Guinea fowl all the day, and the constant chattering of negroes, seated round a large table, and picking the grains of coffee, during the night. These are the monotonous entertainments that at this season a coffee farm affords.

My friend, as I have already intimated, is a Count; he is, moreover, an extensive planter, and a bachelor. He is a man of sober habits, and lives alone. The only white faces that I beheld in his earliest are his own and that of his overseer.

It will not be wondered, then, that I began to tire of this solitary life. In the morning, I walk among the coffee fields, bordered with rows of lemon trees, and beautiful palms—to see the luxuriance of the crop, and listen to the thousand songsters, or watch them flashing from grove to grove—this was all pleasant, as, too, the siesta, after dinner, enveloped in the *guarda-ruana* in sea-grass hammocks; or enjoying the fragrance of a prime "Yara." But when the evening came, with its cool and refreshing breezes, then would I long for the society of those bright creatures that are to the soul of man as the sun to the thousand objects of his creation.

Seated one afternoon in the shade of a tall tacqua tree, before the door, I carelessly remarked my friend of our loneliness. It was a lovely evening, the sky exhibiting a bright blending of gold, crimson and purple, such as may be always seen at this season, in the champaign country of Cuba.

"Count," said I, "we have been now for nearly a week without seeing a soul; not a white face, except your own and your overseer's—you certainly did not bring me here to kill me with ennui?"

My friend laughed and continued to puff his cigar.

"Tis no laughing matter, Amigo—I am dying of this life. Can you not think of some of your acquaintances where we may encounter the society of a young lady? or two, if you will, with whom we might pass an agreeable evening. I forget, almost, what a woman's face is like."

My friend was at all times a man of few words. He did not reply in my long harangue, but calling a groom, ordered him to saddle two horses. When these were ready, he pointed to me which one I should mount. He himself leaped into the saddle of the other, and we rode off in silence.

After having passed through his coffee fields, and down a long lane that was shaded with orange and jasmine trees, we came out on a broad road, and turning to the right, instead of following this for about half a mile, it separated into two roads. We kept along that which led to the left, and after various windings and doublings, found ourselves before the splendid Corinthian gateway of a large coffee plantation. We entered the gate, and rode up to the swelling house. A mulatto in fashionable livery came out and took our horses. Everything around wore the appearance of wealth and luxury.

We stepped into the piazza. For the first time since we had parted from the door of his own plantation, I beheld a white face.

"You will see four faces of heaven, though with souls scarcely different. You and I are of earth, and a little south of the equator, and shall amuse ourselves: but, before entering this house, let me offer you some advice."

"Proceed, señor, I am all attention."

"You are a republican."

"I glory——"

"But here, for an hour or so, forget it—conceal your sentiments on the subject; here, they glory in titles, dignities. It is a family of the highest order, I assure you—of refined virtue, (so they suppose) and of high education."

"Rather than offend the ladies, I will submit to entire silence."

"Enough—here comes the servant—you! ouse!" The servant after taking our cards into the house, returned, and ushered my friend and myself to the sala. Here we found part of the family assembled. It was a rich room, and to judge by the dress of the ladies, their ornaments, the luxury and exquisite elegance of the furniture, that we were in the grandest of be found in the finest palace in Cuba.

It did indeed, seem like a palace—the magnificent facades—the interior galleries—the windows made to the high and colored windows opening out upon glorious gardens, and marble-paved court-yards—all betokened the fabrication of princely wealth and luxury. I have said that only part of the family were in the sala when we entered, as my friend had informed me that there were four in the house (four faces of heaven) and here we found only three young ladies in their chairs. An old gentleman and lady were at the heads of the family, were seated upon a sofa, and received us with the greatest courtesy, at the same time desiring us to be seated.

After the formula of introduction was past, we found ourselves face to face with the three Señoritas, and so commenced our conversation.

Catalina, the eldest, is of a vain and insatiable disposition, though she endeavors to conceal it by an assumed modesty. It is in vain; her real soul shines through the flimsy drapery of pretence—and her heart—one has only had she been a man, that man would have been a villain.

Isabella, second in age, is named Josefa—silly and vacillating.

And the third, Inez ah! Inez is a smiling angel, and she smiles on, upon the world, with her dark eyes and blushes. There is more in this, than mere bashfulness—that look was full of meaning—but he (men) here before—how fatuitous they seem; so, so—it was here that he came, when I missed him half a dozen times from his own house.

The last expression was almost uttered aloud—and to slumber it should, for at that moment I was addressed by the eldest Señorita.

"Señor Count, I am sorry to perceive that I say positively, the most beautiful creature I ever beheld. She was evidently the youngest of the four sisters, but unlike them in every respect. She was dressed simply in white, without ornaments or decorations of any kind. She needed none. Her countenance was one wanting to decorate that form—the pearl, the ruby and the diamonds, were set in her incomparable features.

"Juanita! Sweet name—and I am seated beside her, and I feel her black and lustrous eye glancing upon my heart, and I hear her musical voice, though as yet, only in monosyllables. Why does she not converse with more freedom—why does she not smile, nor take part in the prattle of her sisters. There is an air of melancholy in every thing she does—a deep and fixed melancholy arising not from bodily ill, but from some sickness of the soul. How can I divine the cause. One so young, and yet so sorrowful!" My principal desire at first, was to draw her into conversation—partly that the music of her voice charmed me, and partly that I felt a strange interest, I might almost say anxiety, about her fate, and a wish, if possible, to dispel the sombre cloud that rested upon her beautiful features.

I had kicked up my heels long enough upon the Prado of Madrid, to enable me to speak Castilian like a native, and the general subjects of conversation in the rooms and terraces of Havana were quite familiar to me, so that I had little difficulty in finding food for conversation; but in spite of my efforts, our conversation was frequently interrupted, by almost some repetitions, which I had to make—the mind of Juanita was not there—I could not but imagine her, for she evidently tried to forget, for a moment, the grief that was dwelling in her heart. I had the indiscretion to advert to her melancholy; I had scarcely done so, when I repented it. She fixed her eyes upon me with a strange look of wonder, but without giving any sign that I had offended, and with the exception of surprise in her manner, replied, that "she had suffered much, from very early life had known sorrow; but," continued she, with an air of forced resignation, "I am now happy." How much her words belied the true state of her heart!

The subject was painful, and I abruptly changed it.

"Did you attend any of the balls during the Christmas week?" I asked.

"Three times, in San Marcos, Señor," answered two of the young ladies together.

"The balls of San Marcos are considered the best in Cuba."

"True—but they have fallen off much of late," answered Catalina.

Notwithstanding, they are still more splendid than those of any other *pueblo* in the country; they generally call together the nobility and wealth of the Havana; it is appropriate, too, that San Marcos should have the most magnificent country balls, for it is the natural wealth of its rich plains, San Marcos may be considered the garden of this island."

"Ah, Señor Rimon—they are not the shadow of what they have been."

"With regret, I have observed their decay."

"What can be the cause, Señor Rimon?" inquired Inez.

"On my conscience, Señorita, I believe the reason of their decline, is nothing else than the profession of the gambling scenes, the gambling——"

"What nonsense you talk, Caballero," exclaimed Catalina, with an offended air, interrupting me in the middle of my speech; "do you say so—the fault is not in the prohibition of gaming—but in the fact that where once you have said, met the wealth and nobility of the Island, to be seen only the canaille—the cafetalistas prefer giving balls on their own estates, where they will not be obliged to meet with the low. Inference to myself, as that is the cause of the falling off in these country balls, and not the prohibition of gaming."

What! nonsense you talk, Catalina

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 1, 1845.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have several articles on hand which will receive an early and careful attention.

The note from the Author of the Triumph of Virtue came duly to hand.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Since the publication of our last, the reader will doubtless have learned of the settlement—so far as one house of Congress is concerned—of a question which has long agitated the political circles. The vote by which the House of Representatives has been passed in the affirmative upon the annexation of Texas. It is not impossible that before another week closes something equally decisive may be done in the other branch of the National Legislature. The probabilities are that the Senate, so far as the action of Congress can do it, will be perfected at this session, are very much enhanced by the action of the House.

Mr. Tyler's term, and the existence of the present Congress has now only about four weeks left unexpired. The new Senate will, as a matter of course, be convened, formally, for the ceremony of the inauguration; but a special session of the two branches has, we believe, ceased to be spoken of as likely to occur.

Our columns to-day present a great variety of news matter—both domestic and foreign. The movements at Harrisburg, in relation to the State debt—the favorable intelligence from the old world, so far as our commerce and business are regarded—and the various items of home news present a decidedly unusual interest. Among its contents, not strictly as news, however, we commend the very agreeable letter of J. Bayard Taylor. Our readers will be pleased to learn that we have many more promised from the same pen—for they are certainly among the most delightful effusings which any American traveller has favored us with to his countrymen.

On our outside we have commenced, to-day a glowing and romantic tale from the pen of "The Poor Scholar." It will be completed next week; and among our other selections of literary matter, for the coming sheet, will be found a pathetic tale by Mrs. Person.

What is the reason, by the way, that all our writers are so fond of the pathetic? There seems to be, just now, a lachrymose epidemic raging among the story-tellers on both sides of the Atlantic. A story to make a man laugh, or to put him in cheerful humor is as scarce as a black swan. We really wish some of our friends would try the cheerful subject of things occasionally—if only for variety's sake. Even Tom Hood has grown sour and gloomy, and we have to search for a smile, but find the sigh instead.

Our contributors, however, are not to be subject to his countrymen.

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The sense of a homeless, dreary waste has crept over me like fear.

"I have listened to the deep tones of the solemn organ, accompanied by the sweet voices of the choristers, in high and solemn strains, until my soul has risen to my God in tender devotion.

"In the ranks of my country's soldiery I have grasped the musket, and received my teeth, with a lion's ferocity, at the sound of our National Air upon the heart-stirring drum and fife, or trumpet.

"I have listened to a poor Irish schoolmaster, who sang the Exile of Erin with such pathos, that the tears have run down my face in streams.

"I have turned upon 'the light fantastic toe' at the sprightly bidding of the violin, until head has whirled with giddy pleasure, and my heart bounded with joy.

"I have seen a fleet seated on the capstan of a ship, and the hardy tars man the capstan bars, and to the tune of Yankee Doodle, raise the ponderous anchor. The whole group power of music destroys the toils of duty.

"I have heard the great Norwegian, and felt none of these."

The fact of Ole Bull's taking Niagara and the Prairies for his theme, has set the Western wits in work. One of them, writing from New Orleans to the St. Louis Reveille, suggests that Mississippi river as a fit subject for Ole Bull's musical talents. He thinks the ordinary might use the rosin and fiddle on the famous the main rill; and, as the tune descended the mighty stream, trombone, clarionet and clarionet might well represent the Indiana bullfrog, as they join the swelling theme. Grand as the Missis. appi would be played down stream, it must be confessed that it would be a more difficult feat to begin at the Balize and fiddle up to the Rocky Mountains. To use a significant term, Ole Bull would have to sing at the top of his right freely to accomplish this task. At intervals a little string or so might wrap, by way of representing a steamboat explosion.

ANTI-RENTERS.

Some apprehension was felt in New York State last week, from the fact that Russell Jarvis, supreme commissioner residing at Hillsdale, issued a writ of habeas corpus, requiring Boughton, or Big Thunder, to be brought before him, and that cause be shown why he should not be admitted to bail. The writ was placed in the hands of the Sheriff of Columbia on Tuesday night week. Fortunately, instead of the facts, yesterday morning the Governor removed Darr, his official term having expired, and appointed Thomas B. Baker, of Hillsdale, supreme court commissioner in his place. The nomination was at once confirmed. Darr superseded, and the prisoner released. The intention of the Indians was to get up a rescue.

A man named Kale, alias *Red Jacket*, who succeeded, at the head of a party in Saint Lake in preventing an arrest, changed places with his friend, and was sent to jail.

WOMEN BY WEIGHT.

The New York Bulletin says that a gentleman who was present, in July last, at the dining given to the King of the Sandwich Islands at Honolulu, on the occasion of his visit to that place, states that there were two hundred females at the table, dressed in white, who weighed two hundred pounds apiece! Twenty tons of women is a tolerable collection, so far as the quantity is considered. We suppose the gentlemen were delighted upon the principle that one cannot get too much of a good thing.

THE CASTNER MURDER.

The cases of Peter Parke and Joseph Carter, convicted of the Castner murder, will be disposed of at the next term of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, which commences at Trenton, on the 25th of February. Carter, it will be remembered, has been some time awaiting sentence; Parke escaped until convicted. The evidence against both was mainly circumstantial. Among the testimony in the case of Parke, we observe the following: Jesse Tiger deposed that some time before the murder, Peter W. Parke asked him if he would join in murdering John Castner, and then, said he, we shall get money enough. Mrs. Margaret Martens also testified that being at the house the morning after the murder, and going out of the back door to throw out some ashes, she saw two men leaning on the fence, and one of them said th the other. "*Do I look guilty?*" He answered "*No.*" The latter then said to the former, "*Do I look Guilty?*" He also answered "*No.*" They then passed off towards the swamp. Mrs. Martens approached, and torment quite certain—a stranger still. The murderer is sure to be discovered, or to betray himself. We observe a case in point in a recent Liverpool paper. William Towns, a soldier in the English Army, now in Utia, confesses that it was he who dashed out the brains of a game-keeper in Essex, about nine years ago, and that a man named Chalker, who was executed for the murder, was innocent.

After a double crime, of such enormity, we cannot wonder that Parke would not rest until he had confessed the deed. But what forcible arguments do such events afford against capital execution, if continued at all, except upon the most positive and unmistakable proof of guilt. No earthly means are left to make reparation to the innocent sufferer—for the taking of life is a deed which, once done, can never be undone or atoned for.

SCHUYLKILL COAL.

In the Miners' Journal, published at Pottsville, we find some interesting statistics relative to the coal business of that county. Comparatively few persons out of that region are acquainted with the necessity which exists in many instances, for mining below the water level, and the consequently enormous outlays for steam engines and machinery, and the heavy expenses consequently in carrying for raising the coal and draining the mines.

There are already twenty-two Collieries below the water level, and forty-one engines employed in pumping, raising and breaking coal, with an aggregate horse power of 1,278. A horse power is estimated equivalent to the strength of eight able-bodied men—a man ordinarily labors but ten hours in the twenty-four but the engines can, and some of them do, run day and night; consequently they can perform, for each horse power, an amount of work equal to the labor of eighty men, and an aggregate of work equal to the labor of 20,448 men every twenty-four hours. The cost of these engines, pumps, and the machinery connected with it will not fall much short of $250,000, and the consumption of coal will amount to 40,000 tons per annum. The whole consumption of coal in this region, during the last year, is estimated at 100,000 tons.

GRASSHOPPERS.

Last week a sixty apprentice, one of the Boston papers, which was rather too tough even for the newspapers. It was to the effect that a vessel had sailed though four hundred miles of grasshoppers, the shoal being two or three inches thick! They were seen in the neighborhood of Fayal. This week a report comes which is rather more rational. It is that of Capt. Wilson, of the brig Gauges, who arrived in Boston last week from Alexandria. He reports that he fell in with a vast multitude of dead grasshoppers of a large size, floating on the surface of the water, in lat. 36 to 38 lon., 18 to 22 West. This was about a month easterly from Fayal. Capt. Wilson has shown specimens of these singular animals. They have a strong resemblance to the grasshoppers of the largest size common in this country, but are larger. Capt. Wilson says that "the ocean for the space of several hundred miles was literally covered with them. There were at least one of them to every two yards of surface." Scattered, one to a square yard, they will do—but the story that they were adrift in shoals two or three inches thick is rather too bad to be true.

WESTERN INDIANS.

The following are the names of the Indian tribes on the borders of the Missouri, with the amount of their respective annuities:

Christian Indians, north of the Kansas river, $500; Kickapoos, $1,000; Ottawas, $3,000; Ottawas, Osage river, $2,500; Chippewas, Osage river, $200; Weas, Osage river, $2,000; Confederates, Osage river, $800; Diamond, south of Kansas river, $6,720; Delawares, south of Kansas river, $7,000; Stockbridge tear Fort Leavenworth, $80; Kickapoos, do., do., $50; Sacs and Foxes, south of Missouri river, fifty miles from Fort Leavenworth, $7,870; Osages, Neosho, $12,581; Pottawatamies, Council Bluff $5,000; Sacs and Foxes, (will soon be located sixty miles west of Fort Leavenworth), $11,400; Weas, south of the mouth of Kansas river, $18,000, (will soon be located on Osage river); Sacs and Foxes of Missouri, Osage River, $1,840; Sioseas, do., do., $1,840; Pottawatamies, do., $1,440; Omahaws, Council Bluffs, $1,440; Otoes and Missourias, do., do., $4,440; Pawnees, do., do., $8,100. Total amount $415,856.

A PIONEER.

In a publication which appeared in 1800, is the following paragraph relative to a strong man of the last century:

In 1771, died Mr. Nathaniel Sessions, the father of Governor Sessions, of Rhode Island. He was one of the first settlers of Pomfret, Conn., as early as 1704. He opened the first cart road from that town to Providence in 1721. Even from Killingly to Providence, 40 miles at [illegible]—a distance of sixteen miles, there was no horse bridge. He transported the first cart of West India goods from Providence to Connecticut. Enjoying firm health, he was enabled to cultivate his farm, and conduct his business, until he was eighty-eight years of age, when he became blind. He could recite memory the New Testament the Psalms and other portions of the Old Testament, after *ninety years old!* He died at Pomfret, at the age of ninety-one.

COLONIZATION.

The Report of the Colonization Society, presented at its annual meeting in Washington last week, states that the Society is in a more flourishing condition, both as to the colony of Liberia, and in the progress of opinion at home, as well as in its finances, than during the preceding year. The expenditures of the Society for the past year were $34,000; the receipts $32,000. Four shipments of emigrants were made during the year, to the number of [illegible] these emigrants and their descendants upon the future character and condition of the continent of Africa will be immense in its benefits.

THE WINTER.

While the winter has been very mild with us we observe that in Europe it has been of unusual severity. All parts of our own country have not escaped so lightly as this immediate vicinity. In New England, they have had one or two seasons of glorious sleighing. On one day last week, one hundred and thirty-seven sleighs passed a sign in the vicinity of Boston, in one hour. There has also been good sleighing near Albany and Troy, New York, and some unusually sharp weather at different points at the South.

ICE.

If the present weather continues, that "crop" of ice will fall short for next summer. At "Fresh Pond," the great ice harvest one Boston—from which a railroad runs down to the city, none has been this year cut. Sub-stantial quantities *two years old*, the growth of 1842-3 have been brought down.

SHARP WORK.

The new Royal Mail Steamship Cambria, arrived at Boston on Friday morning week, about 7 o' clock, and her mails were received at the post-office twenty minutes past nine Trenton, on the 25th of February. Carter, it will be remembered, has been some time awaiting sentence; Parke escaped until convicted. The evidence against both was mainly circumstantial. Among the testimony in the case of Parke, we observe the following: Jesse Tiger deposed that some time before the murder, Peter W. Parke asked him if he would join in murdering John Castner, and then, said he, we shall get money enough. Mrs. Margaret Martens also testified that being at the house the morning after the murder, and going out of the back door to throw out some ashes, she saw two men leaning on the fence, and one of them said th the other. "*Do I look Guilty?*" He answered "*No.*" They then passed off towards the swamp. Mrs. Martens approached, and torment quite certain—a stranger still. The murderer is sure to be discovered, or to betray himself. We observe a case in point in a recent Liverpool paper. William Towns, a soldier in the English Army, now in Utia, confesses that it was he who dashed out the brains of a game-keeper in Essex, about nine years ago, and that a man named Chalker, who was executed for the murder, was innocent.

After a double crime, of such enormity, we cannot wonder that Parke would not rest until he had confessed the deed. But what forcible arguments do such events afford against capital execution, if continued at all, except upon the most positive and unmistakable proof of guilt. No earthly means are left to make reparation to the innocent sufferer—for the taking of life is a deed which, once done, can never be undone or atoned for.

SCHUYLKILL COAL.

In the Miners' Journal, published at Pottsville, we find some interesting statistics relative to the coal business of that county. Comparatively few persons out of that region are acquainted with the necessity which exists in many instances, for mining below the water level, and the consequently enormous outlays for steam engines and machinery, and the heavy expenses consequently in carrying for raising the coal and draining the mines.

There are already twenty-two Collieries below the water level, and forty-one engines employed in pumping, raising and breaking coal, with an aggregate horse power of 1,278. A horse power is estimated equivalent to the strength of eight able-bodied men—a man ordinarily labors but ten hours in the twenty-four but the engines can, and some of them do, run day and night; consequently they can perform, for each horse power, an amount of work equal to the labor of eighty men, and an aggregate of work equal to the labor of 20,448 men every twenty-four hours. The cost of these engines, pumps, and the machinery connected with it will not fall much short of $250,000, and the consumption of coal will amount to 40,000 tons per annum. The whole consumption of coal in this region, during the last year, is estimated at 100,000 tons.

GRASSHOPPERS.

Last week a sixty apprentice, one of the Boston papers, which was rather too tough even for the newspapers. It was to the effect that a vessel had sailed though four hundred miles of grasshoppers, the shoal being two or three inches thick! They were seen in the neighborhood of Fayal. This week a report comes which is rather more rational. It is that of Capt. Wilson, of the brig Gauges, who arrived in Boston last week from Alexandria. He reports that he fell in with a vast multitude of dead grasshoppers of a large size, floating on the surface of the water, in lat. 36 to 38 lon., 18 to 22 West. This was about a month easterly from Fayal. Capt. Wilson has shown specimens of these singular animals. They have a strong resemblance to the grasshoppers of the largest size common in this country, but are larger. Capt. Wilson says that "the ocean for the space of several hundred miles was literally covered with them. There were at least one of them to every two yards of surface." Scattered, one to a square yard, they will do—but the story that they were adrift in shoals two or three inches thick is rather too bad to be true.

WESTERN INDIANS.

The following are the names of the Indian tribes on the borders of the Missouri, with the amount of their respective annuities:

Christian Indians, north of the Kansas river, $500; Kickapoos, $1,000; Ottawas, $3,000; Ottawas, Osage river, $2,500; Chippewas, Osage river, $200; Weas, Osage river, $2,000; Confederates, Osage river, $800; Diamond, south of Kansas river, $6,720; Delawares, south of Kansas river, $7,000; Stockbridge tear Fort Leavenworth, $80; Kickapoos, do., do., $50; Sacs and Foxes, south of Missouri river, fifty miles from Fort Leavenworth, $7,870; Osages, Neosho, $12,581; Pottawatamies, Council Bluff $5,000; Sacs and Foxes, (will soon be located sixty miles west of Fort Leavenworth), $11,400; Weas, south of the mouth of Kansas river, $18,000, (will soon be located on Osage river); Sacs and Foxes of Missouri, Osage River, $1,840; Sioseas, do., do., $1,840; Pottawatamies, do., $1,440; Omahaws, Council Bluffs, $1,440; Otoes and Missourias, do., do., $4,440; Pawnees, do., do., $8,100. Total amount $415,856.

A PIONEER.

In a publication which appeared in 1800, is the following paragraph relative to a strong man of the last century:

In 1771, died Mr. Nathaniel Sessions, the father of Governor Sessions, of Rhode Island. He was one of the first settlers of Pomfret, Conn., as early as 1704. He opened the first cart road from that town to Providence in 1721. Even from Killingly to Providence, 40 miles at [illegible]—a distance of sixteen miles, there was no horse bridge. He transported the first cart of West India goods from Providence to Connecticut. Enjoying firm health, he was enabled to cultivate his farm, and conduct his business, until he was eighty-eight years of age, when he became blind. He could recite memory the New Testament the Psalms and other portions of the Old Testament, after *ninety years old!* He died at Pomfret, at the age of ninety-one.

COLONIZATION.

The Report of the Colonization Society, presented at its annual meeting in Washington last week, states that the Society is in a more flourishing condition, both as to the colony of Liberia, and in the progress of opinion at home, as well as in its finances, than during the preceding year. The expenditures of the Society for the past year were $34,000; the receipts $32,000. Four shipments of emigrants were made during the year, to the number of [illegible] these emigrants and their descendants upon the future character and condition of the continent of Africa will be immense in its benefits.

THE WINTER.

While the winter has been very mild with us we observe that in Europe it has been of unusual severity. All parts of our own country have not escaped so lightly as this immediate vicinity. In New England, they have had one or two seasons of glorious sleighing. On one day last week, one hundred and thirty-seven sleighs passed a sign in the vicinity of Boston, in one hour. There has also been good sleighing near Albany and Troy, New York, and some unusually sharp weather at different points at the South.

ICE.

If the present weather continues, that "crop" of ice will fall short for next summer. At "Fresh Pond," the great ice harvest one Boston—from which a railroad runs down to the city, none has been this year cut. Sub-stantial quantities *two years old*, the growth of 1842-3 have been brought down.

OUR LEGISLATURE.

It appears by a classification of the members, that there are 46 farmers in our State Legislature, 21 attorneys, 8 merchants, 6 mechanics, 2 physicians, 2 teachers. The remainder are of various professions. In the House, composed as it is of one hundred persons, being the largest English mind ever received, excepting by the Acadia, in 1840. This vast amount of mail matter was received, distributed, re-mailed, and delivered in the short time of three hours and a half. Nathaniel Greene, Esq., the Postmaster of Boston, is one of the most efficient in the United States; and he unites to his business habits a disposition to oblige, and a habit of accommodating the public in every possible mode, which commends him to the friendship of men of all parties.

MEXICO.

Santa Ana, reported last week to have been put to flight, while his army had all deserted, or was cut in pieces, is now, it seems, in such force that Bustamente, the leader of the great revolution lest he should lay siege to and take it; and from the tenor of the news we have little doubt that the next will be that the city has capitulated with him, and that he is fully reinstated. The roads near the capital were broken up to prevent the approach of the Indians while the forces were collecting.

Great irritation prevailed, and meetings were held in different places, for the formation of associations against the Jesuits; and resolutions and publications of the most irritating character were issued. The Archbishop was traited, however, that no more bloodshed would take place. In the first disturbances several persons were killed, many private citizens were killed and wounded.

The King of Prussia, an absolute monarch, has consented to the adoption of a new and paring a constitution, which, it is said, has been completed in its details, and was about to be promulgated when the late disturbances.

Twesten, the assassin who attempted the life of the King of Prussia, has been executed. Previous information of the fact of execution would be imprisonment, or transportation.

THE EAST.

Sir Henry Hardinge, the new Governor General of India, would appear, from all reports, to be eminently fitted for his high and important station. He remains at Calcutta, devoting himself industriously to the arduous duties of his government—the extension of education, the improvement of the means of communication, and the advancement of the means of prosperity to the army. In the Mahratta and the Sanwar Warree districts, which had been some disturbances, principally quelled, or checked by the presence of some ten thousand troops. The Scinde district was more quiet than it had been for many months. There was a great deal of sickness among the European soldiers.

There is nothing from China, beyond what we have already received. The Emperor's assent to the indistinctness with which they speak, rather than in the words themselves. The Scotch accent is very good; and a sentence with a rising inflection of the voice, which sounds most singularly indeed. I always waited at first, expecting that he had made a mistake; but with this exception, it was far nearer to understand than the Northumberland dialect. At one specimen of the Scotch accent of this part of England, we saw a board conspicuously posted at the commencement of a private road, declaring that "all persons travelling this way will be *persecuted*." As it led to a church, however, perhaps it was not so inappropriate.

As we passed through Newcastle, we began to look for the remains of the Roman wall from the Tyne to Carlisle, and made many inquiries along the way; but we seemed to know little what we meant, till a boy at last informed us that there were still remains to be seen, but at some distance from the road. And then the boy's directions were so unintelligible, that we gave up the search. The wall, with its contents, were consumed. Loss $15,000, $8,500 of which is covered by insurance.

The Cartland Tavern, at Bangor, Me., was destroyed by fire on the night of the 15th inst. A traveller who was stopping at the house, lost property to the amount of $1,000. Total loss about $3,000.

The dwelling of Mr. Chester Wells was consumed by fire, at Hampden, Me., a few days since, and two children perished in the flames. The father and mother, and two other children, narrowly escaped.

The Cotton Factory of Mr. A. H. Rockmer, at Mount Pleasant, Maury county, Tenn., was destroyed by fire a few days since. a loss to the enterprising owner of $12,000. No insurance.

On Sunday morning last, the block of brick-front stores on River street, nearly opposite the Tremont House, Troy, took fire, and in the space of an hour were wholly destroyed.

The Beaver Brook Factory and Grist Mill, in Franklin, Ct., were entirely destroyed by fire on Saturday afternoon week. Loss estimated at $6,500.

A cotton shed on one of the wharves at Charleston, was consumed by fire on the 23d inst., together with about 1,000 bales of cotton, insured.

The Eagle Steam Saw Mill in Savannah Georgia, owned by Alvin B. Mills, was consumed by fire on the 19th ult. Loss $3,000

A Steam Planing Mill and Sash and Blind Factory was burnt in Danvers, (Mass.) on Thursday week. Loss about $6,000.

The Dauphin Street Theatre, in New Orleans, known as *Theatre des Variétés*, was entirely consumed by fire on the 14th ult.

The dwelling-house and shop of Jacob Lance, Esq., Calais, Vt., were consumed by fire on the 16th ult. Loss $3,000.

Miscellaneous News.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Last week, in Pough keepsie, a young man, by the name of Henry Lansing, a shoemaker by trade, of that village, about twenty-one years of age, while in company with a number of others engaged in riding down hill, in Main street, on a three part weal of Clover street, upon a large sled, was caught while the sled was under rapid motion, between it and the stone curbing, thrown against a post with such violence as to cause his death in about half an hour.

Some miscreant made an attempt a few days ago to blow up St. Nicholas Cotton Factory, by inserting a leaden pipe at the distance of about a hundred yards from the factory, so as to prevent the usual supply of water from the river to the boilers. The injury to the pipe was providentially discovered in time to prevent the destruction of human life intended. A moment or two later and it is thought the building would have been blown to atoms.

A European correspondent of the New York Herald writes that, from the single port of Dundee, we may expect to receive some 70 or 80 cargoes this year. Several companies have been formed for that purpose, under the auspices of German princes, noblemen and others.

On Monday night last, Matther's camphene spirit manufactory, Kensington, was entered by means of false keys, and rolled of two hundred and eighty pounds of pennies, the value of $114.

The Guardians of the Poor, have entered into a contract with Mr. J. Conover, to erect a machine for supplying the Blockley Alms House with water.

New York City.

The New York Herald says, that in a recent operation in the Long Island Railroad stock, a jobber cleared about $20,000, and purchased with the proceeds a splendid mansion at New Brighton, the whole thing being "done" in a week. This statement, whether true or not, will cause thousands to be "done" out of their business habits of industry. Stock speculations are mighty uncertain.

A petition has been presented to the city authorities of New York, asking that body to enact and enforce an ordinance prohibiting the smoking of tobacco, in any and all its forms, on any and every street, pier, wharf and side-walk: in all parks, squares, and public places, piazzas, institutions and public buildings.

The value of imports into Savannah in the quarter ending September 31st, was $13 635; the duties on the same were $19 [illegible]. The exports were $911,962. The number of arrives from foreign ports was 35. Clearances, 46.

Personal News.

JERSEY VETERANS.—We learn from the Elizabethtown, N. J., Journal, that Dr. Rehl—, eminent physician, and fellow patriot of the Revolution, died at his residence in Chatham, on Sunday, the 12th ult., in the 84th year. Dr. Rehl— was a native of Germany, but served in the capacity of Assistant Surgeon in the Jersey line, and often carried a musket in the ranks. He was a man of undoubted courage, and was in many severe battles during the war.

Another Jersey Blue just departed is Thomas Cubb, aged 85. He entered the army at 16 years, and like most of the Jersey Blues in those dark times, nobly did his duty. Besides, he was in thirteen well contested battles: was in the battle will the Indians at Wyoming, at the battle of Monmouth, at Yorktown, &c. He was also with the great Commander at Wood Point, when Andre was captured.

The Charleston Courier says that the Executive of that State will make a beautiful and munificent present to the Hon. C. Mennninger, their able and gifted counsellor. The present is before us, and pending in Court of that State, in token of their grateful sense of his arduous and valuable professional services in the past, he having generously declined a fee for the same.

We notice that an Essay upon Solar Meteors and Meteoric Stones, written by Prof. R. Brewer, of Lexington Market, Baltimore, was read before the Royal Institute of Science, Letters and Arts, at Milan, Lombardy, and is highly spoken of for its production of profound learning and deep research.

As an act of justice to Geo. W. Wilkes, Esq., of Upper Marlboro', Md., accused now of a criminal act of adultery, we publish a letter in the post office at that place, we publish the fact that the charge has been investigated, and not the shadow of a suspicion rests upon Mr. W.

Mr. Leonard W. Treat, formerly from Hartford, Conn., for several years city editor of an industrious and highly esteemed mechanics, was accidentally shot on Saturday week, about 10 miles from Washington, by a friend, with whom he was hunting.

Mr. Hallock, one of the Editors of the Journal of Commerce, (N. Y.) has been presented with a piece of plate by the firm of the merchants and others, of that city, for his manner of publishing returns, &c., during the recent Presidential election.

The Collector of the Port of Philadelphia has appointed Levi Reynolds, late Canal Commissioner of this State, an Inspector of the same place, the salary being $1,200. Mr. Reynolds resides at Marcus Hook, in the room of Y. S. Watter, resigned.

The late Illinois papers announce the death of Col. William Hodge, formerly editor of the Vandalia (Ill.) Free Press, and the Jacksonville Illinoian, at Vandalia, after a lingering illness.

The Rev. Mr. Porter, who has lived in Lowell but a few months, has already solemnized the bonds of marriage. He must have a peculiarly acceptable way of knotting the nuptial tie.

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Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER NINE.

JEDBURGH—THE CHEVIOTS—OTTERBURN—SCENES IN NEWCASTLE.

Newcastle, August 14th, 1844.

I was very sorry to leave Jedburgh so soon, as we were obliged to pass Dryburg Abbey without visiting it, as after seeing the Lions and Leonine Tower of Alnwick Castle, we had no wish to stand by his grave. But we had Anderson Moor to pass before night, and there was some difficulty in procuring horses at that late hour. We stopped, however, at the village of Ancrum, near the Teviot,

"Where Ail, from mountains freed,
Strays through the lowlands of the Merse,"

and next morning took a foot-path over the hills to Jedburgh. From the summit there was a lovely view of the Teviot, Ail, Jed, and all the blue Cheviots in the distance. I thought immediately of Burns's pathetic farewell,

"Ye mossy rocks that cease to roar,
A long, a last adieu!
Farewell, ye dearest dale,
And Cheviot's mountains blue!"

The poet was then on the hills below, and one that looks upon its beauty, cannot wonder how his heart clung to the scenes he was leaving.

Descending by a steep declivity to the Jed Water, by a beautiful shadowed road, where the trees met overhead, we came upon the ruins of the majestic old abbey, which stands with its dark front guarding the entrance to the Cheviots or came to the old town. We stopped a moment to look at a new church in the process of erection. The plain white walls of the modern church, which was to be covered with flaming scrolls, in the old English character, after the fashion of the illuminated missals, looked very beautiful. The old Gothic antique look having been a place of importance in the Border Wars. The Castle, used as a prison, still, with its old walls, stands rising up back of the town, and in a place of very great strength. The Abbey, however, is the principal object of interest. I was glad we

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is the Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by *Messrs Hunter, Jas. H. Powell, H. M. Lockwood, T. Gardner, Wood, J. T. Dana and H. T. Jennings.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our travelling agents in Kentucky and Missouri.

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THOMAS REVERDY, Corresponding Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilcher.

Notices of New Works.

THE CONSERVATIVE TRIAL. *New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* This long expected work is at last before the public. Many copies were made its appearance, and is being read with a great deal of interest. Considering the grounds upon which the issue was passed.

T. B. Paterson has sent us a copy of the *Ondenbrod Trial*, and other celebrated trials, and the celebrated decision which has produced so much excitement. Price, single copy, twenty-five cents. It can be found at his establishment.

THE UNION HALL. Bishop Onderdonk has written a statement in relation to the circumstances attending his trial, which may be had of *Appleton, at T. B. Peterson, and Zieber & Co.*

CATHERWOOD'S DRAWINGS. *Philadelphia: John A. Beaver.* Mr. Beaver has undertaken the publication, in the course of a few months, of a series of views of cities, selected from Catherwood's drawings made in Central America. They are executed in a manner worthy of the excellence of finish and beauty and accuracy of effect and detail, which should commend them to the purchase of all whose means permit.

PARKE'S NEW GEOGRAPHY. *New York: Harmony, Ivison & Sturges Philadelphia: A. J. Barnes.* A work of this character needs no excellent work, entirely revised, and with new maps and illustrations has been published. It is one of the most important branches of an important study, which has ever been prepared, combining the greatest and plainest features with the reflection it conveys.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE. *February.* This number contains a like high and excellent character. The E A. Poe, beautiful and highly finished Indian subjects, one from a design by Chapman, and the other from a design by Cole, the Wright & Hatch. Among the contributors we find many of the best names in the country, and among the articles none but those of the highest order. It is a splendid number.

SOUTH WESTERN LITERARY JOURNAL. *Nashville: Burbridge & Son.* This is a monthly work which has many points strongly commending it to notice and patronage. It represents the literary interests of a portion of the country and contains a large amount of well written prose and poetry. The Florida Indian sketches are particularly excellent.

THE CRUISE. Mr. Dickens's new work, reviewed in this city by *T. B. Peterson.* As its publication is to begin perhaps equal in interest to the Christmas Carol, but it is full of deeper and more earnest thought. It is a power under open curtain tickets and anecdotes in England, which must do good there, though not likely to be so well appreciated here.

SOUTH SIDE.—Numbers eleven and twelve, completing the first volume of Graham's Magazine edition of South Carolina Bible have been published. The purchasers can now judge of the general appearance of the work when completed. The January number of 56 pp. is a most character nothing need now be said.

THE BULLETIN OF MEDICAL SCIENCE. *Edited by John Bell, M. D.* The January number of this work is volume III. Among the contents, we notice a well written article on signs in surgical cases, and a number of elementary education, learned in its custom of authorities, and worthy of attention.

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE. *No. XII. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—The particular merits of this work have been frequently noticed by the article "Tetanus." We have so frequently spoken favorable of approval of this publication, that our vocabulary of praise is exhausted.

SOUTH'S WESTERN VOLUME, just out for the current season, contains the conclusion of the Knickerbocker Gallery, a most excellent book. *T. B. Peterson* receives subscribers for the work.

THE DOCTOR.—Part II has been published by Cunningham. In its execution and appearance it is very neat.

☞ THE LIVING AGE, published in this city by Canning, keeps up its high character.

Congressional.

IN SENATE, Wednesday, Jan. 27. The following bills were passed: Authorizing the Treasury to Bill, appropriating $225,000, years 33, 34, to the bill to reimburse Massachusetts, years 18 to 24, to the bill to authorize the issue of Treasury Bills, 1839 for improvement in percussion caps, ayes 26, nays 16; also the bill for the relief of the heirs of Mary Zantzinger; to re-organize the courts of Louisiana; and to establish the Smithsonian Institute. A message from the President, giving an account of the Florida Treaty, and recommending the establishment of consulates at each of the four ports, was read and referred. The letter to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

IN THE HOUSE, bills were introduced to establish a port of delivery at Lake Providence; to fix the banks, and to annex Texas. Resolutions against the abolitionists. Twenty-two private bills, were presented in both houses. The Indian debate was resumed.

IN SENATE, Thursday, Jan. 28. The day was principally occupied in the consideration of local business. A bill establishing a commissioner to settle Mexican claims was read twice, referred, and reported back, and the rules were passed over. A bill for the relief of Joseph Dickinson was read a third time and passed. A bill was introduced to prevent all clerks or deputy collectors from being engaged in the duties of collectors without giving suitable bonds.

IN THE HOUSE, Mr. Sibley introduced a resolution enquiring if any officers of the United States have been guilty of electioneering since the 18th of August, 1841; if so, who;—if they have been prosecuted, and if not, why.

The Texas debate was resumed.

FRIDAY, Jan. 24. The Senate was not in session to-day, as the 24th of January has been adjourned over until Monday. In the House, several Executive communications and Senate bills were referred to appropriate committees, and the usual business was transacted. The following nominations were confirmed by the Senate.

Robert B. McIlwaine, to be Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue for the port of Richmond, Va.

George Hudson, to be Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue for the port of Sunbury, Georgia.

Isaac Thomson, to be Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue for the port of Hardwick, Georgia.

Thomas Bennett, to be Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue for the port of Troy, New York.

Samuel Hall, to be Controller of the United States for the port of Pensacola, in Norway.

Thomas Hall, to be Collector of Customs and Inspector of Revenue for the District and Port of Annapolis, Maryland.

Thomas B. Lyons, to be Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue for the port of Bayou St. John, La.

John M. Fisher, to be Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue for the port of Edenton, Florida.

Jacob Hartzogler, of Wheeling, to be Register of the Land Office at Greensburg, Louisiana.

State Legislature.

IN SENATE, Thursday, Jan. 23d. The committee of Ways and Means reported a bill entitled an act to divide the 21st Judicial District, of Hopefield Hepburn, and Lycoming, and to form a District, to be called the District of Pennsylvania, of Wyoming, were considered and passed. Several petitions on various subjects, were read and referred.

IN THE HOUSE, Mr. Darrah presented resolutions in favor of the occupation of Oregon were read and passed. Mr. Cooper's resolutions in favor of the annexation of Texas were considered and the following amendments were debated.

IN SENATE, Friday, Jan. 24th. A bill introduced by Mr. Darrah, to suspend the payment of the Bank Association of Lake Erie, for the term of years, was carried through all the stages of legislation, and passed finally. A bill from the Committee on the Judiciary reported against the resumption of the Delaware Division, without amendment. Petitions were presented. The Canal Company.

IN THE HOUSE, the Supplement to the Act incorporating the Schuylkill Valley Navigation Company was read. Mr. Darrah, a bill introduction in suits at law, by making transfers to the Commonwealth, of those stocks, which the bill providing for the redemption of the over issues of the Bucks Co. Bank, vetoed by the Governor, was read and referred. Mr. Cooper's Surplus Revenue resolutions were debated and finally passed. Adjourned to Monday.

IN SENATE, Saturday Jan. 25.—The nomination of Thomas Ruwalle, as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, was confirmed. The day was principally occupied by debates on the bill for the reduction of the number of Judges of the Supreme Court, called out by memorials against such reduction.

IN THE HOUSE.—A bill was reported, repealing the law which authorizes the sale of the Commonwealth of states, &c. The Senate Bill, to postpone the payment of the February interest, until Wednesday, was carried by a majority of one vote —16 to 15. A bill providing for the election of a Librarian for three years, and a resolution requiring an inventory to be taken of the property, &c., were selected. The latter, passed three readings and was sent to the House. The nominations of Andrew Arnold, of Armstrong, and Jacob Hantzinger, of Schuylkill, to be Associate Judges, were confirmed. The bill to abolish the Board of Revenue Commissioners, passed Committee of the Whole.

IN THE HOUSE.—The Senate Resolution in relation to the Library, passed three readings. Resolutions of inquiry were adopted, relative to the number of troops called out at the time of the Judges of the Court of Errors and Appeal.

Of the Chancellor, $4,000.

Of the Judges of the Supreme Court remain as at present $3,500 with two exceptions.

Of the Chancellor, $2,500, with about $1,000 additional for his compensation from the Loan Commissioners.

Of the Judges of the Supreme Court remain as at present $3,000 with two exceptions.

The Attorney General declines his compensation from the Loan Commissioners.

The salary of the Judges of the Court of Errors was not decided on.

Religious Intelligence.

THE "WOMAN'S RELIGION."

It is stated by travellers that in the East, where Mahomedanism, and idolatry debase the character of women, and oppress her in her social relations, the Christian religion, which recognizes her equality, is contemptuously called, "*The Woman's Religion.*" This taunt expresses one of its highest and most beautiful characteristics—the recognition of the value of woman. Before Him, who is "no respecter of persons."

☞ At the South Carolina Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, it was resolved that the South be open to be arranged for two general classes. One of these may properly be called the ordinary resources that arise from the public works and from the tax on real and personal property, and the ordinary licenses and taxes connected with the public works and the public debt. The other may embrace all the resources that are extraordinary and included in the former class.

The ordinary receipts for 1844, are stated at $378,616, the ordinary expenses at $567,426 leaving a deficit of $188,780.

The extraordinary revenue is stated at $1,380,868—less than the interest, by 578,319—leaving a contingent deficit of $767,099.

The estimated calls on the Treasury for 1845, are not given at $2,949,432. Then assumes the progressive cancellation of the temporary debt, and the payment of the Domestic Creditors' scrip. The Message says we cannot provide for a sound currency, while these notes are cancelled, and, in relation to the Domestic Creditors, that justice seems to require that the scrip should not take precedence among creditors equally meritorious and the moneys are actually disbursable at the Treasury.

The income for the year is estimated at $2,949,432, viz:

Ordinary receipts	$1,568,563
Loan	1,380,868

The Message then considers the income from the tax on personal and real estate at one million, which is 33⅓ per cent more than in 1844.

Comparing our estimated receipts and liabilities for the year ending December, 1845, they are stated:

Estimated receipts,	$2,998,559 00
Estimated liabilities,	2,949,432 00

and they show that the sum of $801,201 37

will be wanting to complete the payment of the loan. Were the entire balance in the Treasury on 1st December, 1844, to be applied in reduction of this deficiency, there would still be main $228,069 49 of deficiency unprovided for.

It is obvious from this that if even all the resources of the fiscal year could be made available for the payment of the February and August of the year 1845, they would still be insufficient, though aided by the application of the entire balance in the Treasury on the first of former years.

Now it is plain that a large part of the resources of the year, cannot be made available for this object. The receipts accumulate as interest becomes payable four months before the 1st of July and October, when a large proportion of the receipts, equal, probably, to more than the whole of the whole have not yet come in.

The income of these four months, from 1st August to 1st December, in fact, belongs to the year passed to pay the interest on the following February, and to anticipate it for the August term payment, would be to misapply it. In most careful estimates which I have been able to make, I am satisfied that there will be a deficiency of means to meet the interest payment of August 1845, supposing the February loan not to be paid in full, of about $300,000.

The actual balance in the Treasury on 26th January, the Governor says was $824,133, and estimating the receipts till Feb. 1, at $150,000 this will leave a deficit of $122,000, below the sum necessary to pay the interest.

The Governor estimates the receipts into the State Treasury for the year 1845 at $1,568,559 on the Treasury on the first of August next, applicable to the payment of the interest.

I have thus frankly presented to you, gentlemen, what appears to me to be the facts in reference to the present and prospective condition of the Treasury. The conclusions to which I have come differ in some degree from those which were sanctioned by the estimable gentleman who recently filled the office of Governor. The difference arises from my principally from the fact that I have included among the resources upon the Treasury, the accumulation of relief notes and the payment of Domestic Creditors and that he has estimated the receipts of Public Works, and the revenue from the State Taxes, &c., more highly than I have believed myself justified. Should his views prove to be more correct than mine, the deficiency on the first of August will be augmented before the first of August next, however that deficiency may be, I assure the state of the Treasury after that period.

I cheerfully submit to the wisdom of the Legislature the question what course should be pursued under circumstances. If I am correct in the views which I have taken, it is apparent that we are not yet prepared to resume specie payments with any interest in full, and to continue the payment punctually hereafter. The question then arises which I have before suggested. The payment of our domestic creditors in full, and the cancellation of a large amount of relief notes, the receipts for which I have set in their value temporary disbursements, which will not materially injure the Treasury, and the operations of the increased tax law of 1844, will probably place myself after a time in a large increase of revenue.

But the question may be regarded as a simple alternative. Whether all the moneys which will be in the treasury on the first of August next, shall be applied to the past funds and paid out as far as they will go in discharge of the domestic loan debt or whether such a rate of interest shall be paid on the full of February next as may be reasonable and justly be again paid on the 1st of August, taking in the gradual increase in the amount of our future interest payments as our improving circumstances may allow, and relying for the balance fully bound to make payment of the arrears at the earliest time.

The Treasury must be expended, even in the most prosperous condition of the Treasury, that our resources will be accumulated by having in there shall be neither a deficiency nor an excess in the Treasury on the days for the payment of our semi-annual interest. Hence the necessity of the accurate estimate of receipts as soon as practicable a contingent fund to meet any deficit that may occur on an interest day, and to which such a fund should be constituted will properly be the subject for legislative consideration. But it cannot fail to impress itself upon the mind of the Legislature as an important part of a well regulated system of State finance.

The question whether relief should be paid to you, and, whatever may be your decision, I shall hold myself ready cordially to co-operate with you in the great work of vindicating the integrity and renovating the pride of our financial character.

FRANCIS R. SHUNK.

Executive Chamber, January 29, 1845.

The Governor has ordered the printing of 5,000 copies in English and 500 in German.

STATE APPOINTMENTS.

Governor Shunk has appointed Maxwell McCalla, Esq., of Centre county as Aid-de-camp to his Excellency, with the rank and duties of Brigade Inspector Colonel in the militia.

The Canal Board has appointed David Watson, Esq., to be Superintendent of the Division of the Susquehanna and Delaware Canals, in place of Reuben Haines, Esq., resigned.

The following appointments have been made by the Canal Board:—Charles H. Wilson, of Easton, William B. Buxton, at New Hope, Bucks county, Joseph Hart, at Bristol, in Bucks county, Joseph Hart, at Bristol, in Bucks county, Joseph Hart, at Bristol, in

Selected Poetry.

SUMTER.

BY JAMES W. SIMMONS.

When Carolina's lone guard stood,
Where Sumter's flag flew proudly out,
And fired a welcome to every gale,
War-hosts down in her martyred land,—

When from her mountain higher, stricken,
In pride of place forlorn to-day,
Her eagle banner, quenched in blood,
Lay mute as if subjugated there;

Brooding revenges' invoking dawn,
Through upon the sleeping land,
When all stood weigh in steadfast gloom,
And hushed was even the battle-drum;

Suddenly, as when from thicket dun,
The Indian upon his war-bow,
Storms, South-Mount, the warrior-sun,
And thundering flashed on the foe!

Not in the pride of war he came,
With bright mien and banner high,
And nodding plume, and steel of flame,
To win his battle-victory;

With fullowers few, but undismayed,
Each image and chance of fate withstood,
Beneath her sunshine and her shade,
The same heroic brotherhood!

From secret nook, in other land,
Emerging from gloom and night,
Prone down he rush'd before his hand,
Like the eagle, on the Bristol Hill!

Catawba's waters smiled again,
To see her Sumter's sword in arms;
And, swung from each glade and glen,
Reminded by wave thrice-storms.

Thronged hundreds thro' the solitude
Of the wild forest, to the call
That where the cannon-smoke ascended,
Fresh impulse gave to each, to all!

By day the burning sands their ply,
Night saw them in the fell ravine;
Familiar to each element,
The tangled brake, the bank of fire.

Roused by their trend from secret lair,
Springs the gaunt wolf, and flies—while near
Is heard, forbidding thought of stay,
The rattling serpent's scent of fear

Before, or heard of early morn,
Or fen lands out from copse or clare,
Before the hunter winds his horn,
Sumter's slowing on his foe!

He beats them back! beneath the flame
Of valor quailing, or the shock!
And turned in death, a heart's none
Upon the glorious *Hanging Rock!*

And once the cannon from the wreck
Where glory binds the soldier's brow,
Kept bright her Sumter's fame in flash,
His hour of proudest triumph—now.

And we'll not shroud your vocal day
Where Sumter bled, nor bled in vain;
A thousand hearts shall echo here
They wear th' oppressor's heels again.

Oh,! never can the scene forget
The mighty throne-height of the land,
Where Sumter by the altar-fire
Their watchword—*He* memory!

Biographical.

FRANCIS MARION.*

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

We open this book as we would a romance. The name of Marion comes before us like the forest camp, the moonlight march, the sudden attack, and all the incidents of that daring warfare, the story of which fascinated us when a boy. He was our first and favorite hero: we heard of him at our mother's knee, and even now the Marion of those days holds a place in our imagination with King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

Yet there was nothing chivalric in the ordinary sense of that term, about the Southern hero. His personal prowess was inconsiderable. He never slew a man in single combat. He was small in stature, hard in manners, cautious, scheming and taciturn. No act really knightly courtesy is recorded of him. But his achievements were so brilliant—they were performed with such apparently impracticable means—they followed each other in such rapid succession—and they were begun in so disastrous a period, and executed in astonishing an influence in arresting the South, and in fixing on his career as one that of some Paladin of old, suddenly raised up by enchantment to the conflict with an single arm.

Francis Marion was of Huguenot descent. He was born in 1732, near Georgetown, South Carolina. As a child he was remarkably puny. But about the age of twelve a strange change came over his constitution. His health became gone. He grew hardy in frame and restless in spirit. He went to sea, was nearly drowned, and on his return at the solicitation of his mother was settled on a farm.

For many years there were no indications of his future greatness. He followed the quiet life of men of his class, was twice asked as the and honored. But no one supposed that the name of Francis Marion would ever become great in history.

The Indian war of 1760 found him in this condition. The Cherokees, on the western frontier of the Carolinas, had long been troublesome neighbors. They inhabited a lofty and rugged region in the lower country and partly in the hilly region to the west. Their villages were well built, their corn-fields in high cultivation. They were a bold and resolute people, skilful in the chase, and ever ready to lift the tomahawk at the slightest provocation. On the present occasion they had taken up arms at the instigation of the French. As the only means of ensuring tranquillity in the future, it was determined to break the heart of the proud people by penetrating to their most impregnable fastnesses, and laying the whole district waste with fire and sword. A strong force, therefore, was soon despatched for this purpose to South Carolina. Marion joined this army as a lieutenant, and one first distinguished himself. After all the lower country had been devastated the troops advanced to the highest ground. But at the famous pass of Keowee, a narrow valley between high hills, the Squire of the Cherokees had made a stand, resolved, with a spirit worthy of his race, to dispute their last heart's blood on this threshold of their nation. They occupied a strong position on the flank of the invading army. Before any force could be made it became necessary to dislodge them, and a large corps was sent in search of for the purpose, preceded by a forlorn hope of thirty men. The command of the latter post was given to Marion. Their ascent was through a gloomy defile, flanked by impenetrable thickets, the very lurking places for a savage foe. Yet that gallant band went steadily forward. As the head of the column entered the defile, a savage yell was heard, as if from every bush around, and immediately a hundred muskets blazed on the assailants. Twenty-one fell! But their leader was unhurt. Like Washington, he bore a charmed life. Waving his sword he rallied on that that remained to follow him, and dashing up the ascent, he was soon reinforced by the advanced corps, which, hearing the fire, came hastening, followed close behind. The contest that ensued is to this hour spoken of with awe by the miserable remnant of that people. Never, perhaps, in the annals of Indian war was the carnage greater. For two hours the fight raged without intermission. The savages fought like men excited not to conquer, but to defend. Driven by the bayonet again and again from their position, they returned like wounded lions, fiercer with agony and despair. But their heroism was of no avail. Discipline at length prevailed over mere thought bravery. The Cherokees fled. Nor did they after rally. And their fearful vengeance was laid in ashes.

For fourteen years after this campaign Marion was occupied on his farm. But he had acquired a reputation by it, and his sword, during the Indian campaign, which was not forgotten, and subsequently, when the storm of war began to darken the horizon, the name Marion Marion with anxiety, as matters at the crisis turn to the veteran who had been a leader and a member in the Provincial Congress of South Carolina, and was among the first active in procuring the vote committing that colony to the Revolution. It was during a partial adjournment of this body that the news of the Battle of Lexington reached Charleston by express. Instantly the spirit of the Carolinians took fire. The Congress was called together. Public spirit was high. Two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry were raised. A million of money was voted. An act of sequestration was passed, by which all persons were declared enemies of the State who remain before to join in resisting by force of arms the aggressions of the king.

In one of the new regiments Marion received a captain's commission. His colonel was the celebrated Moultrie. Already those gallant spirits were drawing together, who, at a later day, stood shoulder to shoulder against the enemy, when others had yielded to despair.

One of the first acts of the patriots was to send an expedition against Charleston. On the 20th of June, 1776, Sir Peter Parker, with nine ships of war, appeared before the harbor and began to bombard the fort on Sullivan's island. The work had been hastily erected, and its commanders to science. It was built of palmetto logs, and mounted a few cheap cannon. But the defenders were no ordinary men. They were a high spirited race, inured to danger and hardships, and full of the first fiery enthusiasm of the war. All that was dear to them hung on the issue of that day's contest—their homes, their honor, the smiles of their wives, the approval of their consciences. They had come there to conquer, or perish in the ruins of the fort. Such men are not easily to be overcome. For eleven hours they sustained the most tremendous cannonade recorded of the war, and at last only retreated it, but replied with a promptness and

*The Life of Francis Marion. By W. Gilmore Simms. 1 Vol. 12mo.

effect that no militia, but that of America, has ever shown. Two several times the fire of the patriots was about to cease for want of powder, but Marion, with a small force, landed on an armed schooner, and obtained a supply, which would soon was procured from the city. And now the fortune of the day first turned. The coolest heart still warms at the recital of that hour. The field-officers themselves pointed the pieces. The men flinched from his gun. With cheers they animated each caker to the mark; and soon their terrible fire began to spread havoc through the enemy's fleet.

In the heaviest hour of the fight, a ball carried away the flag-staff, and the ensign fell outside the fort on the exposed beach. Sergeant Jasper, leaping over the parapet, ran along the strand under a storm of shot, picked up the banner, conquered. And for three years South Carolina was left unmolested.

The tide of war now rolled northward. It is a source of wonder to foreigners, that the British army, with its splendid troops and its unrivalled discipline, did not conquer the raw levies of the colonists in the first year, or at least so soon as the enthusiasm had followed the Bunker Hill had passed away. But, perhaps, no nation ever entered upon a war more unwilling that England in our revolutionary war. Her commanders were not skilful, they were not even respectable; their acquirements and talents were of the lowest grade. It is the same to say whether Howe was the cousin the king was the most stupid man in England. But, whatever the cause, the fact is undeniable. Their plays. Clinton was no genius. Cornwallis, though of some ability, never knew when to be a prince except among small men. The imprudence of the Arab and Sheik of the desert given by these generals for their reverses; yet what is genius but the capacity to overcome obstacles that fall conquest to her; to see him. Or Wellington commanded the British army at the battle of Long Island, the war, the war would have been finished in the second year. That the Americans were beaten in the first mediocrity we have always regarded as one of the means by which the Almighty in his liberties was to be achieved. We may fairly break off this point.

The volume which has suggested these remarks is a life of Marion by Mr. Gilmore Simms, who has shown in it no little research, and a considerable power of style. The public long required a biography of this general, for the bombastic sifter by Weems is a mere mass of fable, and that by Horry a mere factory. We confess there are some things in the work to which we object. We think for instance the imaginary postures in which, in the absence of authentic knowledge, the author gravely speculates that Marion may have been placed; boyhood by the camp-fire, at school, at fifteen, burning to go to sea, in order to perform prodigies of valor against Spanish armies, and his early residence in the family of a merchant vessel, in which he, subsequently, nearly lost his shipwrecked, became a waiter at Valley Forge it was no uncommon occurrence for an officer's mess to want a dinner. Could the English and American generals have charm cheaper places, the patriot forces would have been crushed in a single month.

At the end of three years, the British government resolved to try the effect of a war in the South—and this time it was with more success. A vast armament, fully supplied with every moniment for a siege, was despatched against Charleston.

Marion had been made a lieutenant-colonel for his share in the battle of Fort Moultrie. He was in service in Georgia, and could have been present in Charleston at its capture, but having received orders to join Lincoln, he could be retired to his farm, when sick pressure and officers unfit for duty were ordered to leave the city on its investment.

Charleston fell. Four thousand men—all the available force at the South—fell into the hands of the enemy, and organized resistance in South Carolina ceased, was at an end. Garrison vials of wrath were opened on that devoted capital. Detail was added to cruelty and the miserable inhabitants, seduced by fair promises into swearing allegiance to the crown, of that there is no refuge for the conquered, but in unmitigated and hopeless slavery. They had all their arms been asked only to submit. They were now told that neutrality was impossible, and that they must either take up arms for the king, or be punished as rebels. In that they remonstrated, they were threatened their masters were answerable. One or two examples of severity ensued. Then the yoke was been better for their inhabitants if they had never been born. Old men and immature boys were hung without trial, and the houses of tender nurture brutally thrust from doors which had been kept sacred to the reception of new brides. The land was ravaged as no other had been since the days of the Saxon invasion of the Forest. One region, seventy miles long and forty broad, through which the British army passed, became a desert. An innocent Quaker was thrown into prison for having given a cup of water to a rebel. He was told to wait, when her request should be granted: they left her returning in three days, and met her with a bride yet perched to their victim, suspended from the gallows. Another was hung because his wife was dead. But God at last raised up a champion. Sublimely in the darkest hour of the oppressed districts, there arose an enemy—bitter sleepless, unforgetful—to the oppressors. Of such men the genius of intelligence—whose motions were quick as lightning—who dwelled in the recesses of the forest, and whose human foresight could have foreseen them—and who, by a secret and unknown law, in every necessity, made the British power tremble from its centre to the foe, and a rallying word for the injured, that there's a surprise was not to be given over a country was cut off—wherever a gallant deed was done, or a victory won, there Marion and there. And the aged widow, who had seen her children torn from her arms, and her dwelling burnt, her husband murdered, and herself left homeless, her heart perfect and very white, when her dark form appeared among them, felt her dignity never saw a countenance so dignified, so calm, so full of the light of hope. Her poverty Georgian shaw for a green satin chair, the only one in the house, upon which he made me sit down close to her.

After the first tide of success, the cold met with a severe check. Many of the leaders of the Whig party, who had been conspicuous in the first movements, were disheartened, and fled from the country. They had not the spirit to make the resistance which was required. The island, thus cut off from the main land, was left to the enemy, who occupied with ease. No one unacquainted with its nature can conceive the difficulty of passing from morass to morass, through an intricate tropical vegetation and tangled with vines. Here Marion had his home. From this fastness he issued forth at pleasure to ravage the enemy's communications or capture a convoy of provisions. Secure in his retreat, he set promptly at defiance all the movements of the British, and then suddenly appeared in their midst. They had no weapons, the huge saws of the timber-mills were fabricated into sabres. They had no muskets, but Marion slept on a forest couch, and so could his men. They had no artillery, but Marion relied on fleet horses, they traversed the country with the speed of the wind, and fell on the enemy's outposts and dashback, striking blows now here now there, until the perplexed enemy scarcely knew where to look for his foe